

Bad Moon Rising by Judith Wilcox

Category: Avengers, IT

Genre: Horror, Supernatural

Language: English

Characters: Captain America/Steve R., OC, Thor, Wanda M./Scarlet Witch

Pairings: Thor/OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-01-18 23:50:32

Updated: 2018-01-18 23:50:32

Packaged: 2019-12-12 02:39:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,567

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In Derry, Maine, people always die or disappear. It's such a frequent occurrence, the small town has an estimated death toll and disappearance rate that's six times the national average. For adults, it's not that bad. For kids, it's worse. But for some reason, the adults don't seem all that concerned. When the Avengers are sent there on a mission, that's when things get really bad.

Bad Moon Rising

*I see a bad moon a-rising
I see trouble on the way
I see earthquakes and lightnin'
I see bad times today*

*Don't go 'round tonight
It's bound to take your life
There's a bad moon on the rise*

-Bad Moon Rising; **from Creedance Clearwater**

A small girl in a pink rain coat and red rain boots happily splashed in the puddles by her home. The girl's mother watched from the kitchen window as she washed some dishes; a small smile coming across the older woman's face. Her daughter, Rebekah McAllister, always enjoyed those rainy days, loving to splash in the puddles and get all muddy and dirty. Seeing Rebekah's excited face, hearing her endless giggles, it brought her mother so much happiness.

"Little girl, can you help me, please?" Rebekah stopped what she was doing to look around. She didn't see anyone, but she was *positive* she heard someone. It sounded like they were right next to her. Furrowing her brows slightly, the young girl was about to turn to go inside when the voice came back. "I'm down here," it whispered. "Please, do you think you could help me?"*

Rebekah turned and saw a storm drain across the street from her house. Was the voice coming from there? As she walked over to it, she became more confident that the voice originated from the little drain. When she knelt down, she looked to see if she could spot anything, and when she didn't see anything at first, her brows furrowed. Maybe she'd been wrong.

"Hello?" she called.

"...Hello." The voice was a low whisper, sounding like a man's voice. A pair of eyes appeared, yellow and red in color. The voice let out an

airy giggle before a figure appeared, not close enough for Rebekah to see any real features, just a silhouette. "I'm afraid I'm trapped down here; can you help me?"

"How'd you get down there?" she asked.

"There was a big storm," the voice whispered, sounding almost jovial. "Blew the whole circus away." Another airy giggle. "Will you help me? If you help me, I can give you *popcorn* or cotton candy? Do you like cotton candy?"

A feeling of excitement came over the small girl. "Yeah," she exclaimed. "Cotton candy's my favorite."

"Then give me your hand, and I'll give you all the cotton candy you want." A long white arm came out of the drain. "Won't you help me?"

Reaching her hand out, Rebekah gripped tightly onto the man's, a look of determination on her face. She tried tugging on his arm, but it didn't seem like he was budging.

The yellow and red eyes glanced over Rebekah's shoulder for a moment. The mother noticed the interaction.

"I know a way you can get me out of here," came a whispered reply. "Come closer and I'll tell you." When Rebekah scooted closer, the hand she was holding slowly tightened around hers. "Closer." The door to Rebekah's home opened; the mother was rushing out. Before either of them could react, the little girl's arm had been yanked into the storm drain before a bloodcurdling scream came from Rebekah. Falling onto her back, she held onto a bloodied stump. Her arm had been ripped completely off. Blood pooled around the small girl. Hysterical giggling could be heard from the storm drain before another white arm reached out and grabbed Rebekah. The little girl's mother, both fortunately and unfortunately, managed to yank her daughter out of the attacker's grasp. All the mother saw were reddish yellow eyes and a wicked, bloodied smile.

-0-0-0-0-

"So we're supposed to investigate some weird town? *That's* our

mission?" Tony looked at the information he'd been given with a scrutinizing look. While he may try and play off that such a simple mission was out of his league, part of him was a bit disturbed by the brutality of it. Some no-name Maine town had a bad history of having kids either go missing or turn up dead. No in-between. Supposedly, the town's death toll - which, again, consisted mostly of children - was six times the national average, which was disturbing on its own.

"The thought of children mysteriously disappearing or turning up dead doesn't worry you?" Opal looked at Tony with a dry look. "Children are dropping like flies, and you're not the *least* bit concerned?"

A look swept across Tony's face at that. He may not have a lot of experience when it came to kids, but he knew what was going on in that town was unnerving.

"The one thing that stands out is there's a supposed cycle to this." Steve's voice came out strong and firm. "Supposedly, these deaths and disappearances always begin after some catastrophic event sweeps the town. It seems to happen every twenty-seven to thirty years."

"Like what?" Opal asked.

"There was an explosion from an iron factory," Steve said. "It killed a hundred and two people, most of which were children. A nightclub that was burned to the ground by a cult. A gang killed by some citizens. Honestly, the list could go on."

"How is it all these things are happening, and no one is looking into this?" Tony exclaimed. "Is the town cursed? I wouldn't be surprised if it was cursed."

"We've already fought aliens and robots, a cursed town doesn't sound too farfetched," Opal muttered. "But can anyone tell what's been taking and killing all these kids?"

"There is one family." Clint made his way into the rec room, where the unofficial meeting between Steve, Tony, and Opal was taking place. Clint, Natasha, and Bruce were the only ones who hadn't

shown up right away. The other three members were doing their own research on the topic. "A single mother, Abigail McAllister. Her daughter was attacked outside her home not that long ago."

"What kind of attack?" Steve asked.

"From what I could gather," Clint went on, "Abigail told police that one minute, her daughter was playing outside in the rain, then she was being attacked by something in the storm drain."

There was a heavy moment of silence. A storm drain? What could *possibly* be down there? Was it some kind of sick prank? Who in their right mind would think it was a good idea to attack a child? There were all these questions that needed answers, but none of what went on in Derry seemed to make any sense. Its violent history was shrouded in so much mystery, so much uncertainty. How could a town like that still be livable with the amount of deaths and disappearances?

"Was there anything about the kid's condition?" Opal asked.

"She died." The response was solemn, adding to the heaviness lingering in the air. "Supposedly, whatever attacked the girl ripped her arm clean off. She bled to death before paramedics arrived."

Steve cursed softly under his breath. That alone, hearing someone as old fashioned as Steve cursing, seemed to make the situation all too real. It wasn't often anyone got to hear the Captain curse over *anything*.

"It could be some kind of monster," Opal said, trying to come up with a solution to Clint's report. "A mutant, maybe?"

"Hard to tell," the assassin sighed. "I'd say our best shot is to go Derry and see for ourselves."

"Yes, of *course*," Tony muttered, sounding almost sarcastic. "Let's look into sewer monsters and missing children. What's the worst that could happen?"

(A/N):

Not my best first chapter, but I'm hoping you guys can at least overlook it for now. I'm just hoping the story gets better from here. If you've got any constructive criticism, don't hesitate to tell me. That kind of stuff is super important!

Nothing in the MCU/STEPHEN KING universe belongs to me. All I own are my OCs and the subplots I put in.

So, just as a disclaimer for you guys: I've read the actual book IT and I've seen the 1990 miniseries + the 2017 movie adaptation. While it may seem like I should have enough of an understanding on IT lore, the truth is that I haven't picked up the actual book in years and my memory on the miniseries and movie is a little fuzzy. I know the movie's on DVD now, but I haven't had the time to go out and buy it yet. For now, I'm relying on whatever I find on the internet. I'm also hoping that any of you huge IT fans could give me a hand, too. I'd appreciate it greatly. Let me know if I'm getting the characters wrong, so that way I don't have to worry about fixing the whole story down the road. Same goes for the MARVEL characters, too.

In case you're wondering who my OC, Opal, is, she's from my story I'M NOT OKAY (I PROMISE). If you're interested in reading that, then go right ahead.

Other than that, I'll wrap this chapter up.

Thanks a bunch.

Judith W